

AN IRISH SONG



The Light of Ballycarry

WORDS BY



Mary Bowden

MUSIC BY

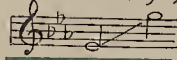


ROBERT
HARKNESS

No 1 in C (Low)



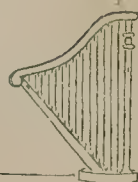
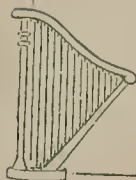
No 2 in E^b (High)



Price 60 cents



The Thompson Publishing Co.
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THE LIGHT OF BALLYCARRY

There's a dear wee girl named Mary—

She lives in Ballycarry;

The thought of her goes with me like a song!

I wish you saw the look of her—

Faith I could write a book of her—

Her photo is my mascot as we go marching on!

Refrain:

She's witty and she's pretty, and she's dainty as a fairy;
She's turned the heads of all the boys in dear old Ballycarry!

But the thing that matters most—

Though they say one should not boast—

Is I think she fancies me, does dear wee Mary!

She has such a cheerful way with her.

The children love to play with her;

There's nothing seems a trouble to my Mary!

In fact, she's just the light of Ballycarry!

She's 'helping lame dogs over stiles'—

Her face is always wreathed in smiles,

—Mary Bowden.

The Light of Ballycarry

Words by
MARY BOWDEN

Music by
ROBERT HARKNESS

Allegretto moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'ff' (fortissimo) in the first and second systems. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

There's a dear wee girl named Ma-ry, She
lives in Bal-ly-car-ry; The thought of her goes with me like a song! I
wish you saw the look of her, Faith I could write a book of her! Her
cresc. pho-to is my mas-cot As we go march-ing on! She's

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REFRAIN
Lightly

wit - ty and she's pret - ty, And she's daint - y as a fair - y; She's

turned the heads of all the boys in dear old Bal - ly - car - ry! But the

thing that mat - ters most, Though they say one should not boast, Is I

think she fan - cies me does dear wee Ma - ry

She has such a cheer-ful way with her The

chil-dren love to play with her; There's noth-ing seems a trou-ble to my Ma - ry! Her

face is al-ways wreathed in smiles, She's "help-ing lame dogs o-ver stiles" In

fact she's just the light of Bal - ly - car - ry. She's

REFRAIN
Lightly

wit - ty and she's pret - ty, And she's dain - ty as a fair - y; She's

turned the heads of all the boys in dear old Bal - ly - car - ry! But the

thing that mat - ters most, Though they say one should not boast, Is I

cresc. think she fan - cies me does dear wee Ma - ry.
cresc.

A NEW PATRIOTIC SACRED SONG

FATHER, GUIDE OUR NATION

By GORDON V. THOMPSON

Here is a song for church, home and concert use that will appeal to lovers of what is best in music. It is a song particularly adapted for times of national crisis. Read these words and see what a useful addition it will make to your repertoire.

FATHER GUIDE OUR NATION

Lord, the night is dark,
No moon nor stars appear;
We must lose our bark
In the storm we fear.
Wake then from Thy sleep;
Harken to our cry;
Lead us by Thy hand until
The sunshine crowns the sky!

Refrain:

Father, guide our nation
Safely through the night;
Pilot us securely
To the harbor light!
Though the storm be raging,
We shall have no fear,
While we pray through night and day:
"Be the Guide of our nation dear!"

Teach us, Lord, to trust Thee,
Pilot of the night,
Not alone in darkness,
But when skies are bright.
Thou art with us ever,
Had we eyes to see;
Nor shall sunshine sever
Our faith in Thee!

—Gordon V. Thompson.

Each verse has a different melody particularly adapted to the thought of the words. The Song sings itself and your hearers will demand it over and over again.

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HEROES OF THE FLAG

Who are these so proudly marching down the street—
Stalwart sons of khaki—soldiers head to feet?
Some are wearing crosses, some a battle scar:
Hear the people cheer them! Tell us who they are!

Refrain:

They're the heroes of the flag, boys;
They're the men who did and dared;
They're the lads who saved the rag, boys,
That liberty might still be spared!
They're the heroes of the flag, boys;
Who in danger did not lag!
God save our King, our Empire dear,
And heroes of the grand old flag!

Who are these who tell you how the fight was won,
How their dashing charges made the foeman run;
How some gallant comrade gladly paid the price,
Laying down his young life, Freedom's sacrifice?

—Gordon V. Thompson.



The music is a stately march of the type of "KEEP THE HOMEFIRES BURNING."
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